Sporting Nonsense Rhymes

by Finch Mason

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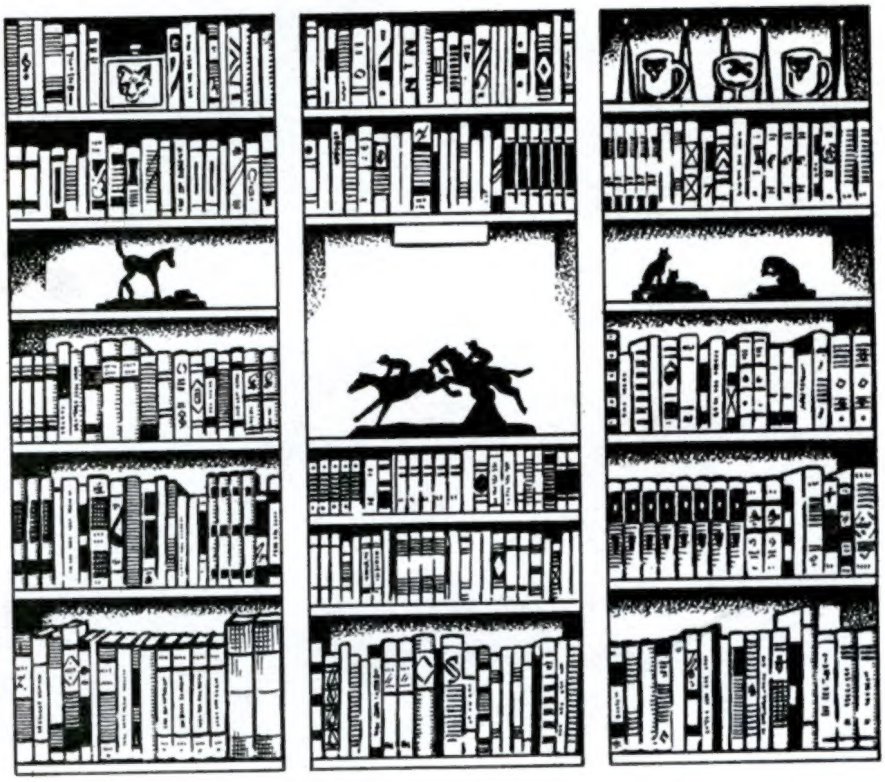
With Greetings



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

A SEASON'S GREETING.

MINIATURE

SPORTING NONSENSE RHYMES

BY

FINCH MASON

LONDON:
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ENTERED AT] [STATIONER'S HALL.

A Sportive young Blade from Kildare,
With Brains of the kind known as "Hare,"
Rode a Match in the Vale,
With his Face to the Tail,
And Won, too, with Plenty to Spare.

CLICQUOT
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Said young Cræsus, "It's odd, with my Cash-an'-all,
"If I can't go and win a Grand National!"
But through being Unskilled,
He got deuced near Killed,
And now he's a little more Rational.

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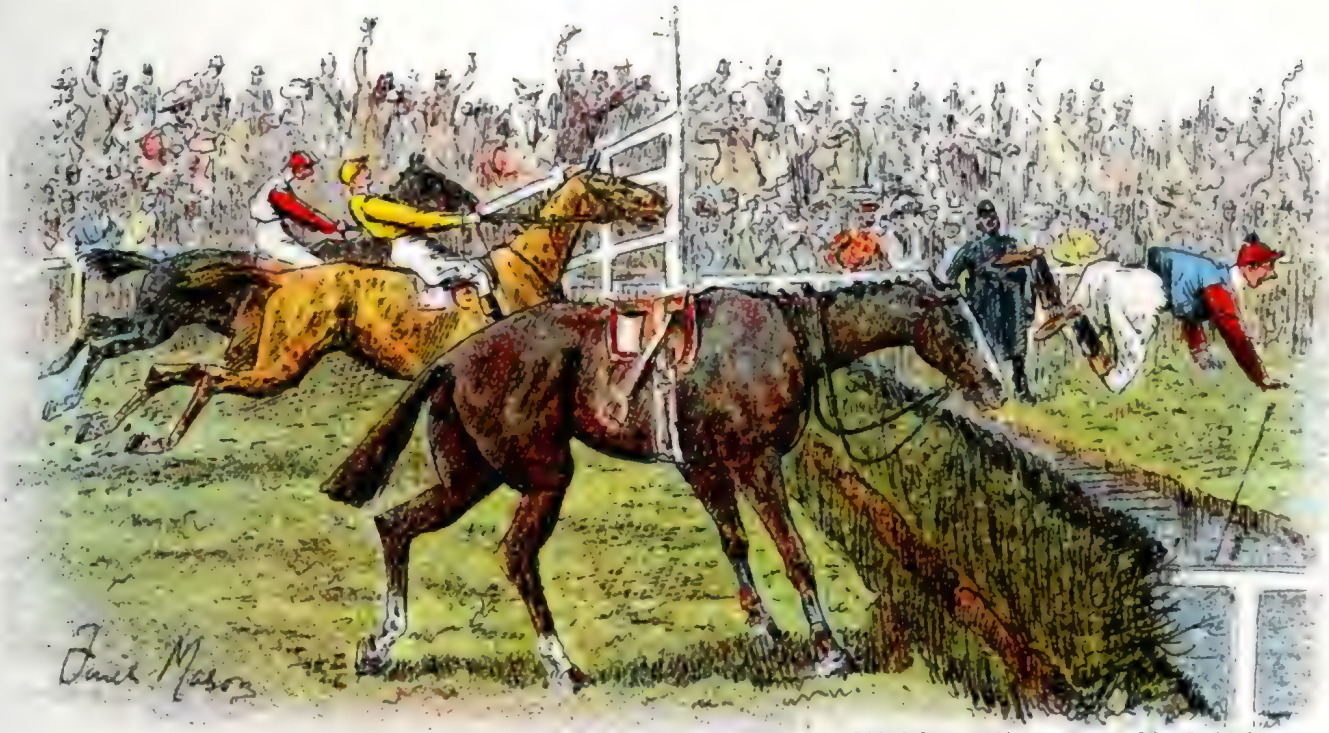
"There's one Bet I will make," said Snorter,
"Which is—I'm first over the Water."
And he won it in Style,
Midst a general Smile,
When his Horse didn't do as he Oughter.



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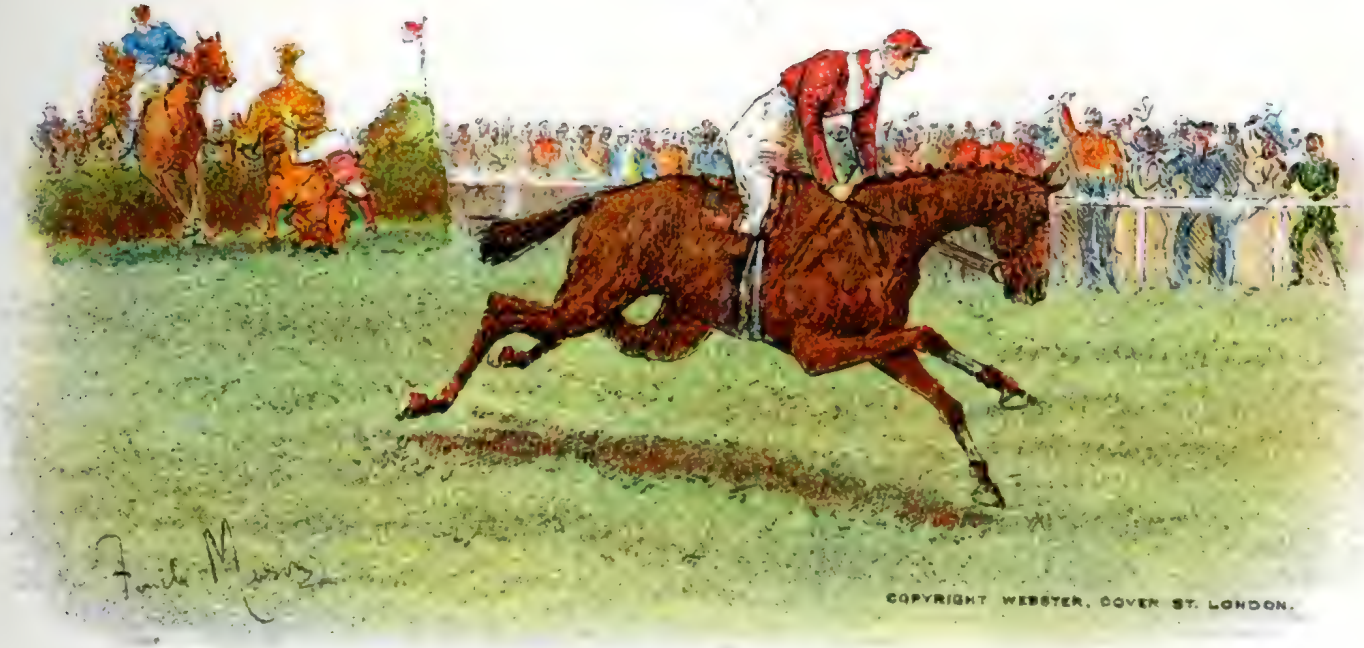
On the Soldiers' Race—Present and Past,
The Betting was Furious and Fast,
And great the Delight
When Sir Claude hove in Sight,
And won, "snug and comfy," at Last.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Having dropped Arthur Yates at the Brook,
His horse thought to take his own Hook.
But Arthur—Full Sail—
Hung on to his Tail,
And jumping up, Won! vide Book.

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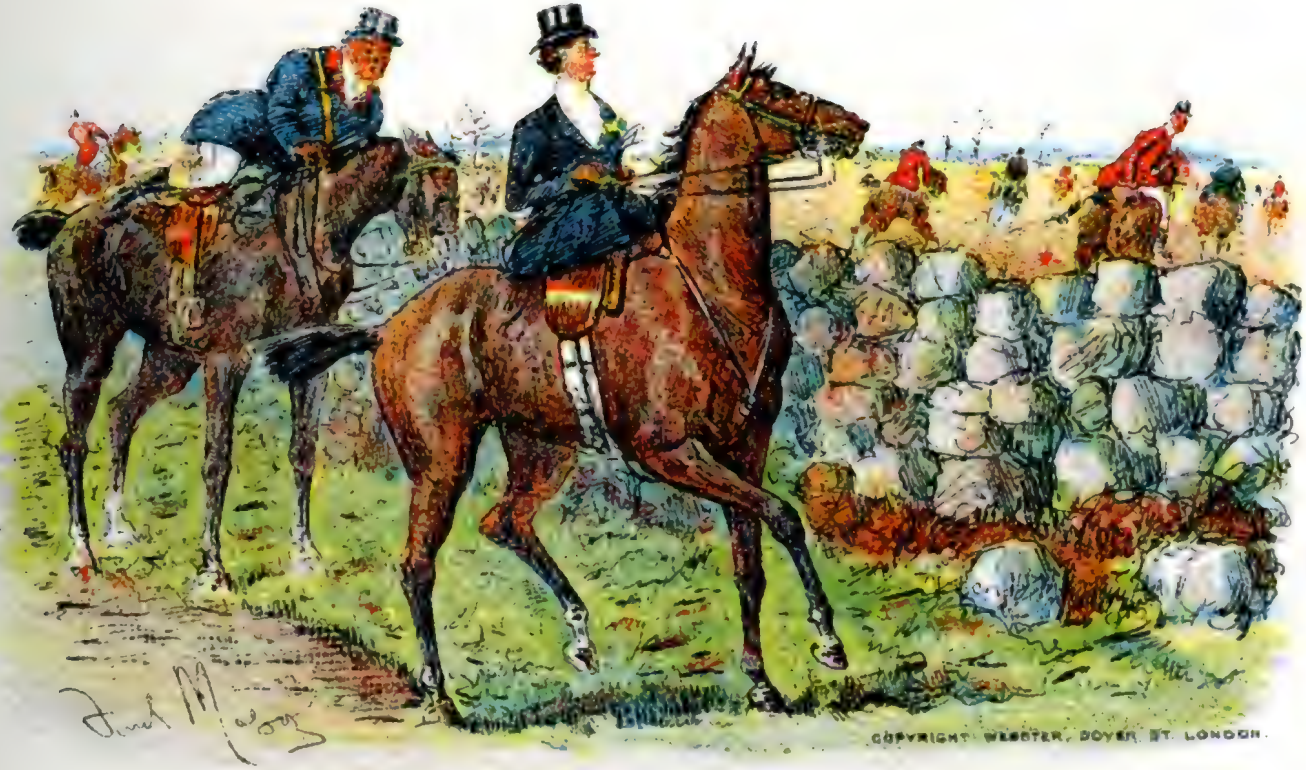
She was Rich—she was Proud of her Gender,
And it didn't take much to Offend Her.
So when thoughtless Bo Cox
Shouted "Pull up your Sox,"
He did for himself with Miss Pender.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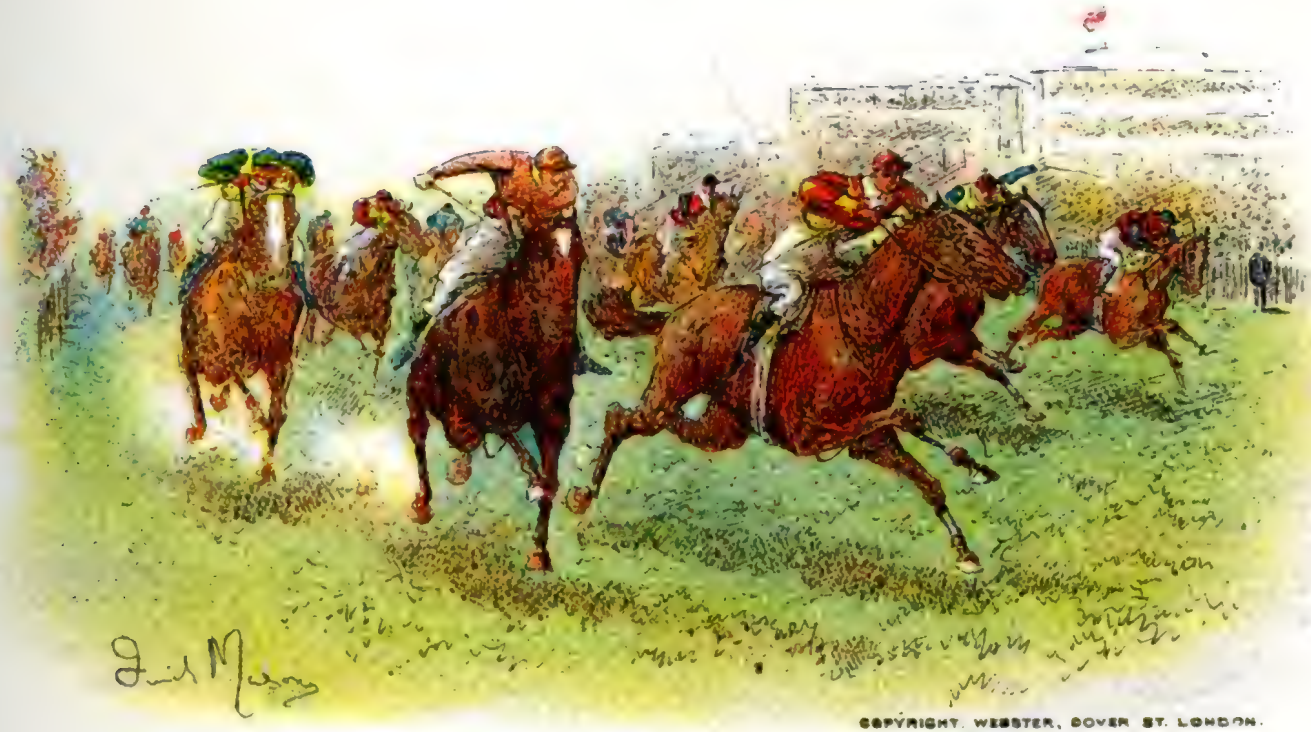
The American Seat's all the Go,
No other is thought "comme il faut,"
But the Old School say "Gammon!"
"Give us Morny Cannon,"
"His is English—quite English—you Know."



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Our plump friend, Miss Millicent Meate,
Thought she'd try the American Seat.
But it made her Horse Cough,
And she nearly Fell Off,—
As she said, too, It didn't look Neat.

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'Twas most likely her Jolly Expression
On the General made such an Impression.
Though when, on his back Laid,
She flew to his Aid,
P'raps he'd rather she'd made a Digression.

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Such a Rum 'un you never did See,
The Question was, "Who Could He Be?"
"By Jingo! I've Hit It,"
Cried Little Tom Tippit,
"He must be a Labour M.P.!"

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That good Sportsman, Sir Robert Rococo,
Once possessed a Magnificent "Boko,"
Till his horse—Silly Jay!
Knocked it flat one Fine Day,
My! didn't the Bart use his "Voco!"

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The common Complaint of Verbosity,
Is often allied to Nervosity.
So One given to Boast
Turns as White as a Ghost,
When his Horse turns on too much Velocity.

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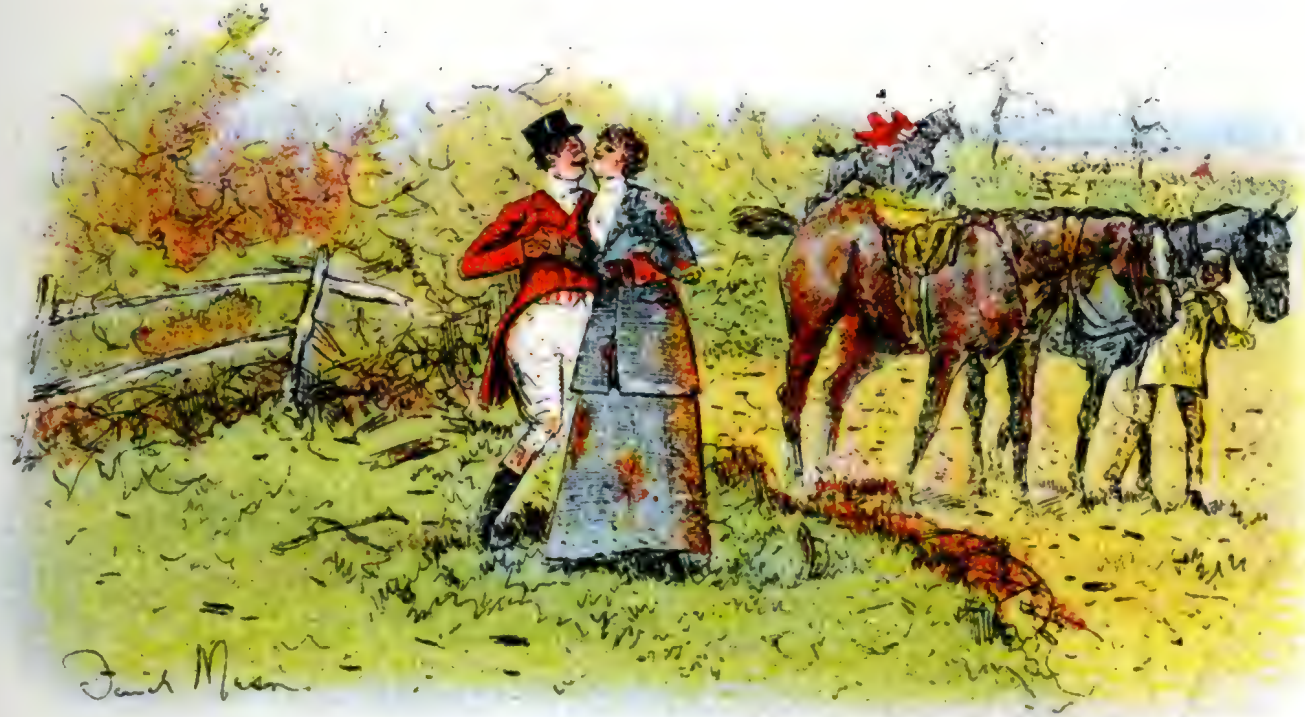
'Twas rough she should come such a Twister,
On the Eve of the Hunt Ball at Bicester.
"Never mind, Norah, Dear,"
Said the Chaperone's Fear,
"Take comfort from ME,"—and he Kissed Her.



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'Twas a sad affair, that of Miss Toots,
Whose Hair was a "Coiffure de Luxe."
When out Hunting one Day
A Horse took it for Hay,—
"Gad! her Nob was as Bald as a Coot's!"

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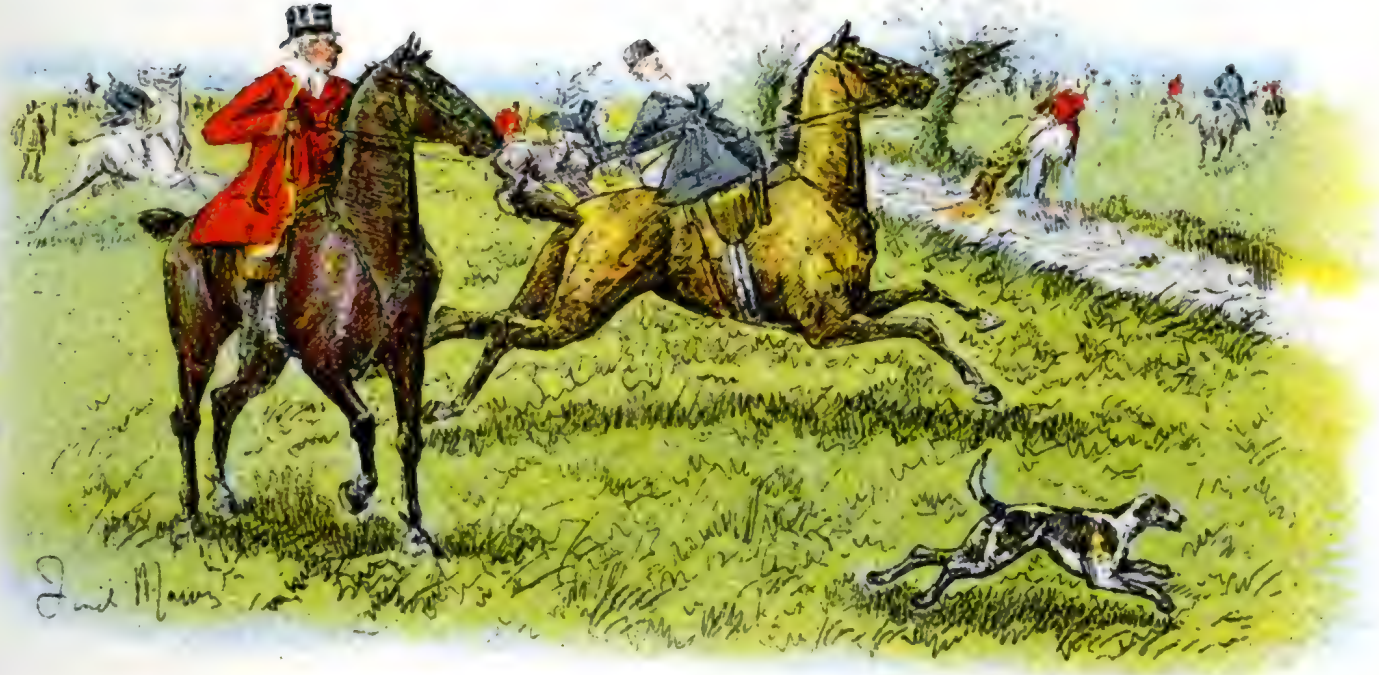
Our old friend, Sir Potophine Porter,
Had—Oh! such a Mischievous Daughter.
Cried she, "Dear One, Look!"
"Such a Heavenly Brook!"
Though she knew his Aversion to Water.



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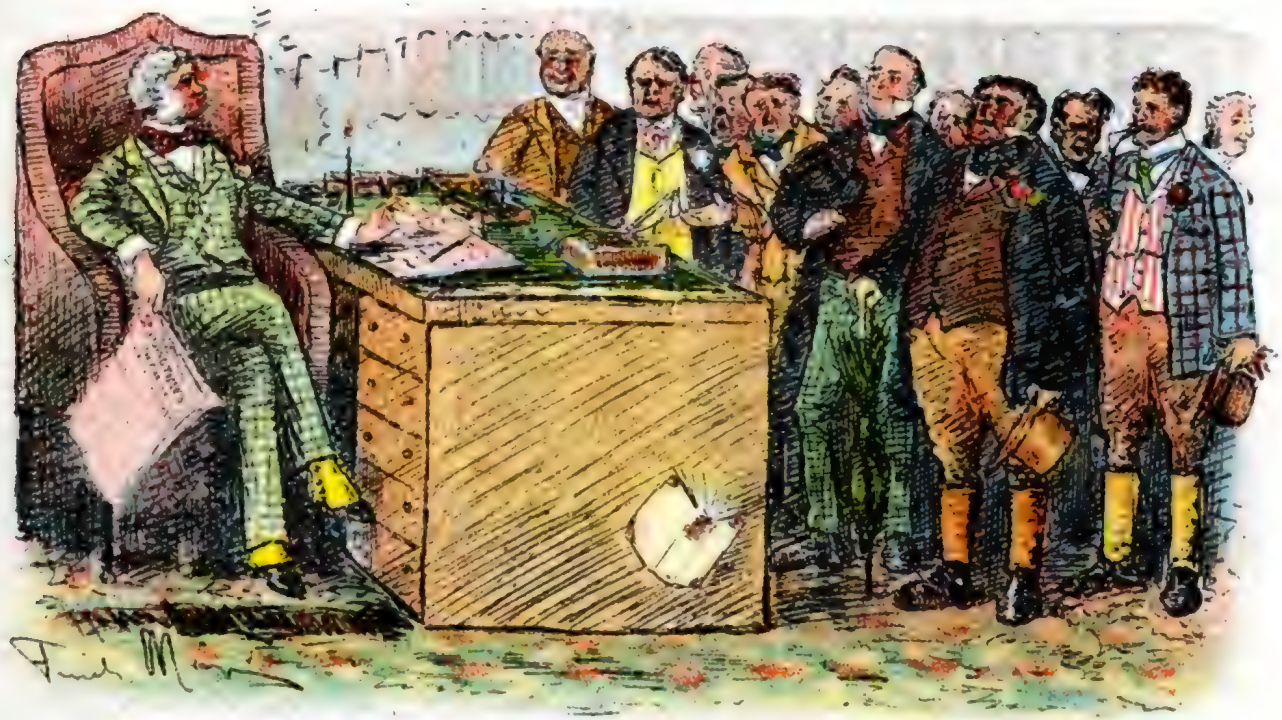
To a Peer of Preservative Habits,
Went his Tenants respecting the Rabbits.
Said he, "Hum—Ha—Well!"
"You can now go to ——"

(Here the "Racing Calendar," with admirable presence of mind, fell to the floor with a crash.)

And they left, Voting Death to—the Rabbits.

NOTE BY AUTHOR.—

Needless to observe, this interview occurred before the Hares and Rabbits Bill was passed.



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Bob was Shooting one day with his Uncle,
The peppery Major Carbuncle,
When a Woodcock sailed By,
And he wiped Nunkey's Eye—
(Bob's not yet forguv by his Uncle).

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On the Twelfth, Mister Ragman de Tagge,
Made a really Remarkable Bag.
The Deuk and Lord Billy,
Twa Dogs and a Gillie:
Sma' wonder he's doon wi' Brain Fag!

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That silly owl, George Ochterlony,
Backed his Gun against Tom's for a "Pony."
And it grieves me to say
The poor Boy had to pay,
For all he could show was a "Coney."

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When that Pheasant dropped dead on his Topper,
The Bishop exclaimed "How Improper!"
His Cob, too, so Grave,
Must needs Misbehave.
Result: An Episcopal Cropper.

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SPORTING NONSENSE. BY FINCH MASON.

A sportive young Blade from Kildare
With brains of the kind known as "Hard"
Rode a match in the Vale
With his face to the tail
And won too, with plenty to spare."

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